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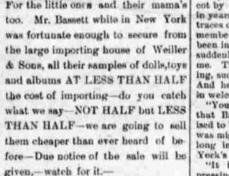
"When you see it in our advertisement

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Are coming in almost daily, and our large cloak room shows more cloaks than all other houses combined, in fact we are so far ahead of others that we don't consider that we have any competition at all. You run no risk in buying of us. We handle no goods that we cannot recommend, the style and fit is perfect and the lowest possible price is fixed on every garment.







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Sixty Mittion Bushels of Wheat---A Bushel for Every Inhabitant of the United States-The Kansas

Never in the history of Kansas has that State had such bountiful crops a-glance. this year. The farmers cannot get enough hards to harvest their crop, and the Santa Fe Railroad has made her Missouri River towns, to induce from sixty to sixty-five million bushels, and the quality is high. The grass crop is made, and is a very large one; the early potatoes, rye, barley and out crops are made, and are all large. The weather has been propitious for corn, and it is the cleanest, best look-ing corn to be found in the country to-day. Cheap rates will be made China, Cheap rates will be made from Chicago, St. Louis and all points on the Santa Fe east of the Missouri liver, to all Kansas points, on Aug. 36 and September 27, and these exursions will give a chance for eas ern farmers to see what the great Sun-flower State can do. A good map of Kansas will be mailed free upon ap-plication to Jao J. Bryne, 623 Monad-10 cts. nock Block, Chicago, 10., together with reliable statistics and informa-

> The first self-propelling steam fire S cts. engine was shown in New York in

> > might be some one in the same need and not know the true merits of this and not know the true merits of this know. Pre nursed Bart like a brother, wonderful medicine. Charles A. though I've none myself I'd do it I'monresen. Des Moines, Iowa. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Blake-more & Wood description. ore & Wood, druggists.

In the manufacture of broadcloth here are 35 processes through which each piece must go.

Lemon Chemical Co.—I regard your Chill Tonic the best I have over tried; in fact I spent half my salary for chill medicine for my daughter and used quinine jackets for her, and all this did no good until I gave her Lemon Chill Tonic, and to-day she is the healthiest child in our neighborhood; is fat and eats all she can get; and I sladic testify to tour neighborhood. quinine jackets for her, and all this did no good until I gave her Lemon Chill Tonic, and to-day she is the healthiest child in our neighborhood is fat and eats all she can get; and I gladly testify to a tonic that has such merit. Irelat on gotting the genuine "Lemon" Chill Tonic.

DAVID E. SPARKS.

For sale and guaranteed by R. C. Hardwick, Hopkinsville, and Mason & Wills, Newstead, Ky.

What sounds are those that fill the slumbrou

With bare, brown feet I pause beside the stream Whose banks with ferns and flowers wild are Just as the sunset's glowing pageants gleam O'er wooded hills, before they fade away.

The squirrol pauses in his mad career To watch me, with sagacious, quizzing eyes: Vespers by wood birds warbling far and near Incite attempts to whistle weird replies.

But "ting a-ling, ling, ling," again I hear: The cowe advance with stumbling gelf an

slow. With crumpled horns and well-filled bags they My resting place, and homeward I must go. Ah! "ting-a-ling. Hag, ting-a-ling, Hag. Hag!"
What sweeter music tired brain can great?
Back to the present!—sad awakening:
"Tis but the ragman's bell, out on the street
Warner Willia Fries, in Country Gentleman.

ALL FORGIVEN.

A Minister's Pathetic Story of Dying Miner.

I first saw Barton Jerome in the sumer of 'eo. He was slowly dying of onsumption, in a remote camp out in the Mubus foot-hills, and a hardy fel-low miner had brought me to his cot, imploring me to remain with him until

"Bart has something on his mind,"
he explained, heaitatingly. "We all
think he has a confession to make, and
if you stay, it is bound to come, sooner or later. I think he'll die happier with the load taken off his conscience Bart an' me both have a bit of gold saved up, and we can pay you well for the trouble of staying. It won't be long now, anyway. You'll get camp rations thrown in, an' it's as healthy here in the foot-bills as you'd find it anywhere; better stay with Bart, sir, till the end!

I grasped Rube Sawyer's honest, roughened band. "I will remain on one condition—that you will not even think of future payment. I am out here on a needed vacation, the climate agrees with me and I can hunt and fish, while at the same time I can help you nurse your dying comrade.' The miner's eyes glistened. "You've got a heart, sir, an' I am glad of it.

Now, take a look at Bart. He's as fine a lad as you'd wish to see; or, at least, was before this wasting away began." Together we entered the place, which was part tent, part dugout. On a low cot by the door lay a man still young in years, his face and form bearing the traces of great physical beauty. I remember thinking what he must have been in health and strength, and then suddenly his eyes were turned upon me. They were large, gray and pierc-

ing, such eyes as are never forgotten. And he extended a thin, shapely hand "You are the minister from the cast that Bart heard of below and promised to bring me if he could. Well, it was mighty good of you to come. I be-long in the east, too, you see. New York's my state, and—"

"It is also mine," I interrupted, pressing his long, white fingers. "But you'll get back to it sgain, an' I won't!" he cried, with a frown. "I've got to die here in the Mubas foot-hills, an' Rube has promised to bury me just outside of camp. I've lain here six months an' over, au' it's a long, long death. Better die at once, an' done

deal to say and something to do before the last chapter ends. I'll read you the book of my life if you've a mind to harvest hands to go into the State. listen, some day. But how long can the wheat crop of the State will be you stay?"

"As long as you think you need me," I answered. And honest Rube Sawyer seized my right hand in grateful acknowledgment, while Barton Jerome feebly grasped my left.

"You resemble my father," the latte said, after a passe. "He is a Pulton county Jerome. Must be living there yet, anyway I hope so! Ever been in

I nodded in the affirmative. "I was born and raised there," the

But a violent spell of coughing came on, and I hastily withdrew, fearing he might be tempted to begin talking "Bart's is a bad case," said Rube

Sawyer, with a sigh. "The valley doctor says he can't live a week! So you won't have long to stay, after all."
"Has your friend heard from home

"Bart never gets letters from no-body," sighed Rube again. "An' he's rot a mother, for he told me so. I reckon she loves him a sight, too. It An honest Swede tells his story in plain but unmistakable language for the benefit of the public. "One of my children took a severe cold and got the croup I gave her a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and in five minutes later I gave her one more. By this time she had to cough up the gathering in her throat. 'Tuen she went to sleep and slept good for fifteen minutes. Then she got to bed and slept good for fifteen minutes. Then she got to bed and slept good for the remainder of the night. She got the croup the second night and I gave her the same remedy with the same good results. I write this because I thought there might be some one in the same need and not know the true merits of this woodeful medicine. Charles A.

There were tears in the miner's eyes, and, while he brushed them away. I turned in to the cot, pretending not to see. Barton Jerome was lying in an uneasy slumber, his clear-cut face turned towards me. I had time then to

atudy it carefully, and I tried to read the story of his wasted young life. What had he been? What had he done? Why was he dying there alone, content to make no sign? These questions came again and again. There were

"I took it, mother, and I've got to go! Father will soon find it out! Don't klas me! I don't deserve—"
He awoke, with a shuddering sigh, and his large eyes were fixed upon me.

and his large eyes were fixed upon me.

"Who are you! Oh, yes, I remember!
the minister Rube brought! He thinks
I am going to die, and I guess I am.
Did I say anything in my sleep? I

o'ten do—bad drezms, you see!"

"You spoke of taking something," I
replied, firmly.

His thin, white face flushed painfulby "Abl yes!" he faltered. "I must

ly. "Ah! yes!" he faltered, "I must have meant my medicine! It's time to take it, now! I feel sometimes that it's bound to build me up yes. When the cooler weather comes I'll get more rest,

and then—"
"And then?" I repeated, as the poor boy hesitated.
"Oh! I'll get better then!" he added,

hopefully. "But you don't believe that, I know. Yet Rube can tell you I've been far worse than you see me I took his hot fingers into my own. "Barton Jerome, have you a mother?"
"Yes," his answer but a whisper.

"And you loved her once?" "Don't say that! I love her still!" he cried, passionately. "But I've got to die without her-without her! O God!

her know! And she could not come to me, if I did. It is too late! too late!"

I drew poor Barton Jerome's wasted face to my breast and pillowed it there.

"You are a good man, or you wouldn't do that," he faltered at last. "Mother used to hold me in her arms just so when I was a little fellow. But father was always cold and stern! I couldn't have done what I did if he had been different. I—I want to tell you about it before I go. You can write to mother when all is over—but not now, not now. I might get well, and it would not do."

He had another fit of coughing then,

and I laid him back on the cot, white and exhausted. "It won't be long now!" sighed Rube

Sawyer, stealing in on tiptoe. "An' wouldn't it nigh about kill his mother to see him lyin so! After all, it's just as well she doesn't know. I'll waten him tonicht account to see him lyin so! After all, it's just as well she doesn't know. I'll waten him tonicht account to the limit tonicht tonicht to the limit tonicht to the limit tonicht tonicht to the limit tonicht to the limit tonicht tonicht to the limit tonicht tonicht to the limit tonicht tonicht tonicht tonicht tonicht tonicht tonicht tonic herself. You can sleep there in the other bunk. If I need you I'll call."

So I retired from Barton Jerome's cotside. It proved a long, long night, for I could not sleep. And neither did our patient. He moaned and tossed "Yea; I know it is," he interrupted; whip one put of thick, sweet cream with egg-beater until stiff, add a little powdered sugar. Pour the bananas

"You don't find any institutions for course pounds of flour, one and one-fourth pounds of coarse powdered with the max even strong enough to all up for an hour, by the open door. It was then be told Rube and me the whole story of his blasted life. He kept nothing back, and he did not try to excuse himself in the least. It was briefly this. He was an only son, and he had been carefully brought up and the had been carefully brought and he had been carefully brought up and educated. But soon after leaving college, he had learned to gamble. Then he lost heavily, and to cancel the bad thousand doliars. After confessing all to his still loving mother, he fled from home, and did not stop until he reached the Pacific const. There he drifted from had to some more than the drifted from home and the drifted from home more than the drifted from he drifted from home more than the drifted from home more tha from bad to worse, until be finally brought up at the little mining camp,

had found him the day before. When he finished his not uncomm story, I made no comments. They were not necessary. He was young. and erring, and he wa, also dying.

out in the Mubas foot-hills, where

"I want to make restitution," he said he turned around and trotted back to at last. "I can do it now, thanks to
Rube! He made some investments for
us both that have turned out well, and
I can pay father back, ten-fold. You
must send it at once. I will made.
"You seem to have a grey-hound," he
"You seem to have a grey-hound." must send it at once. I will make out a check for all I have. My bank book is being so ill! It would only worry

"You must write to them yourself," I said, decidedly, "if it is only the one word forgive—here are pen and paper!"
"You think that would do; sir?"

"Most assuredly." He took the pen then, and traced the beautiful word in a scrawl. He tried to sign his name, but could not. His sudden strength deserted him, and he fell back in a faint. Rube and I were a long time in restoring him to con-seiousness. Indeed we once thought he had left us forever. But Barton Jerome lived a full fortnight longer, and been hard, but he seeks the wagons at

lived a full fortnight longer, and I have never regretted my stay in that remote and far-away locks of his liquor case have not been talk together, and he died at last a thoroughly repentant lad, wholly at peace with his Maker. I wrote to his parents, making the restitution had been the sired, and also inclosing his letter of one word, "Foorier." For he was never the same to know or his sirioin of the same to his thought the same to be nerved in response to a warning shot from his rifle, and he sits down to his the same word. "Foorier." For he was never the same was not been hard, but he seeks the wagons at sun down, empty and ravening. If the same talk together, and if he be happy in a tolerably thoughtful Hotsentot cook, all is well. The supper is ready to be served in response to a warning shot from his rifle, and he site of the sun down, empty and ravening. If the sun down is the sun down to he sun down t sired, and also inclosing his letter of one word, "Forgive." For he was nevmore. And their loving answer came the very morning he passed sway. They gave him their full and free for-

rged him rather on the killing of the game than ips were on the cating it. Yet they sometimes record wonderful performances after ther and prolonged fasts; and like Livingstone or Moffat and other illustrious missionto come home! His dying lips were pressed to the letter again and again. "Forgiven by God, and father and mother, too!" he whispered. "Oh, it was too much to hope for, and now to aries, they own to the feeling of inex-think it is true! You'll bury this letter pressible blen etre which stole over

I promised.

"And Rube must dig my grave, just simple meal. The worst was that sometimes when the scent had been soothed and satisfied with some plentiful but simple meal. The worst was that sometimes when the scent had

back on the pillow, and the glad gray eyes were closed forever. Poor Barton Jerome had gone to his long home.

Ah, the way of the transgressor, young or old! Is it not hard indeed?—

Mrs. Findley Braden, in N. Y. Observer.

ation which concluded its session in

Highest of all in Leavening Power. - Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

-Apples are used by French cooks in

slmost all fruit ples, and they give that

-Bananas and Cream: Allow si-

ripe banenas, peel and slice in a dish.

have ready balf a cuoful of granulated

sugar, sprinkle a little over each laver,

squeeze the juice from two oranges, and put a little over each laver: when

powdered sugar. Pour the bananas carefu'ly into a handsome dish for the

table, have the whipped cream in an-

meat dishes, heaped with cream .- N. Y

--- Venetian Almond Cake: One and

one-half pounds of flour, one and one-

move the paper, cut the cake inte

torner to corner, making triangles.

fire to melt; stir it with a spoon; whe

When that is done put in the chocolate

paper and cover it with little, round, flat drops, which are called pastils, of the size of a sixpence; let them dry

naturally in a cupboard, and when dry

take them off from the paper, and put them in boxes. - Boston Herald.

If these were more numerous than

CANINE EXPOSTULATION. A Few Observations on the Ruman Race by a Dog.

He was a veritable "dog-about-town," a "club-dog!" a medium sized biase dog, with a shaggy, yellow coat. I met hi m one morning at breakfast in the T enderloi in restaurant, where he sat beside my chair and politically requested a chop. At all attempts on the part of human beings to rath his head and call him "old fellow," he betrayed well-bred surprise; and, by his gentle, reserved dignity, evinced his politic aversion to such trivialities.

A saucerful may thus be given without danger and the little one soothed and quieted because of the great relief. He was a veritable "dog-about-town,"

die without her—without her! O God!
It is bard!"

"Why without her?" I persisted.

"Because she does not know my whereacouts—because I dare not let her know! And she could not come to me, if I did. It is too late! to late!"

His white face was buried deep in the rough pillow.

"Suppose we write to her," I suggested. "A true mother can forgive gested. "A true mother can forgive stage-door of a theater, where "Prof.

"Suppose we write to her," I suggested. "A true mother can forgive
and forget any and everything."

"No, no!" he gasped. "You must not
write! Rube does not know, no one
knows it here, but—I am a fugitive

"I suppose we write to her," I sugdescription of a thanter, where "Prof.
Dalmatian's Troup; of Canine Comedians" was performing. He confessed
to me that he was interested in the
star, a trim, little fox-terrier, who
can be reduced to
me that he was interested in the
star, a trim, little fox-terrier, who
can be reduced to description of treacle, one cupful of butterritory of the start of the temperature can be reduced to
me that he was interested in the
start, a trim, little fox-terrier, who
can the play.

The second time I met him was at the
stage-door of a thanter, where "Prof.
Comedians" was performing. He confessed
to me that he was interested in the
start, a trim, little fox-terrier, who
can the temperature can be reduced to
the from justice?"

I did not say I thought as much; that

star, a trim, little low low nightly ter (lard will answer, mixed lard and suct from the frying-kettle is better), would have been positive cruelty! But an invitation from several members of the tronger wasted the tronger to pass next dog-days with spoonful of soda, dissolved in two teasures.

Would not do."

He paused short in his walk, and shot up at me the most perfect expression of and I laid him back on the cot, white

He paused short in his walk, and shot up at me the most perfect expression of indignant, with hering contempt. I have minutes longer and place the injuries. ever seen.

"Brutail" he spluttered; "naural."

What and place the mixture on thin siless of trasted bread, slightly moistened.

him to-night as careful as she would the series of humanity does, do you?"

So I retired from Barton Jerome's out thinking, old boy. You see it is cus-

Rube and 1 both caught the words.

They were: "Mother, father—forgive." a drankard or a glutton or a willful a drankard or a glutton or a willful "I reckon they would," the miner murderer, or one that was wantonly chispered. "Wish they could see him cruel, unless he had been trained to it now. What's the boy done, anyhow?"

"He will tell me yet," I answered,
"If he lives long enough."

by a human being. When a human gets
the stomsch-ache or cramp colic, does a
dog run up and call it "mad" and shoot it?

with an ax-or does other things atro clously hu an, you call him brutal. Really, your Mr. Webster ought to redebts incurred he deliberately opened his father's safe, and took therefrom a of a brute doing any of the things you

Here a greyhound appeared just across the street; and, almost before I knew it, my friend was upon its neek, clawing and chewing it in various places, and filling the air with growis of rage that almost drowned the grey-hound's skricks of terror. Finally the hound's skrieks of terror. Finally the victim broke away, leaving a vanishing grey streak up the street. The aggressor pursued it a few blocks, until the futility of pursuit became evident; then up on a knife; then take half a sheet of

must send it at once. I will make out a check for all I have. My bank book is in that coat behind the door. Sorry I will not off writing so long! I'm not equal to a letter now! But you can say all I wish him to know. Don't mention my being so ill! It would only write another—he called me hausan."—il. L. Wilson, in Puck. A HAUNCH OF KOODOO.

Some of the Things on African Sportsman

they are, a great many people would be better off. When one is tired, sick cross, restless, out-of-sorts, he or sho ought to sleep alone and not communi South Africa may sometimes be near-ly as hot as India, but there the hunter, cate by proximity the maladies tha affect him. The brute creatures when sick go away by themselves till they die or get over their troubles, and this instinct a great many human being have; those that have it are best if h necessarily he must be in tiptop con-dition. He does his severe exercise in dulged in it, not to the slightest de gree of neglect, however. Left to he cuts his communications with the getting back to the normal. Where two children in a family must

share the same room, in a great many cases they would be better off to have two single beds rather than one wide double bed. We can share a great many things with those we love, but solitude clings to us from birth to we must go out of it alone, in a certain left alone. It is good that we should be. He who has his bed to himself may be essentially alone for a portion of the twenty-four hours, may have himself mechanism to his own satisfaction

outside the camp."
I promised again.
"Then, good-by! All forgiven! Ian's kind—and—good!"
And with that, the boyish head fell sak on the pillow, and the glad gray es were closed forever. Poor Harton rome had gone to his long home.

The worst was that sometimes when the sport had been exceptionally gratifying, there would be what were comparatively banyan days.
Eliand is as good as beef, and more is the pilty, since the ox-like antelope is a the pity, since the lose camelopard though he fetched high prices on the Boulevard Haussmann during the siege of Paris, loses casts saidly when he is stripped of his giant's robe; the beautiful water back tastes fishy, like most and the still rarer roan antelope has worse faults still.—London Saturday the free. Large size 50s and 51 or 12 or 12 or 12 or 12 or 13 or 14 or 15 o

Hall's Hair Renewer will keep the hair vigorous and healthy and a nat-ural color. A woman never knows what she wants until she finds out what other women have.

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SAMFRANKEL.

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